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SONGS OF LOVE AND WAR

BY
ANGELO HALL.

ANNAPOLIS, MARYLAND.

1915.

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SEP -2 1915

no. 1.

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1915

*“I pray you mar no more of my verses
with reading them ill-favouredly.”*

—ORLANDO IN AS YOU LIKE IT.

TO MY BROTHER PERCIVAL:

To you these songs! And this the one refrain:
We went to school together
In every kind of weather;
And pitched our tent upon Mount Hurricane.

ANNAPOLIS, MD.,
JUNE 20, 1915.



ANGELO HALL.

TO SAMUEL HURREL,

OF CO. F, 78TH REG'T OHIO VOLUNTEERS, WHO
DIED MARCH 11, 1865, AGED 35 YRS., 10 M., 2 D.,
AND WHOSE BODY LIES BURIED IN THE NATIONAL
CEMETERY AT ANNAPOLIS, MD.

"He gave his life that his country might live."

One winter morn I saw a rose,
A white rose blooming in the snow.
As pale as death by a grave it grows.
With a fragrance sweeter than earthly rose
That white rose blows in the glistening snow.

As fair it blooms as it bloomed of yore
On a winter morn long, long ago,
When the land had rest from a cruel war,
And the soldier's friends this tribute bore
To him who lay in the grave below.

Methinks that once that rose was red,
Before it bloomed above the dead,
A new-blown rich-red jacqueminot,
Symbol of the abundant life
That through the soldier's veins did flow.

But that was many years ago;
And he who plucked the rose so red
And turned it white above the dead,
The cunning hand that carved the rose
Laid down the chisel long ago.

Nor do I think it was in grief
That skilful hand turned petals white,
And changed to marble each green leaf,
And carved a bud beside the rose —
His was the seer's inner light.

Still blooms the rose in solemn joy.
But ah! that bud beside the rose!
A child there was, the soldier's boy,
Within his heart enshrined — who knows?
Still blooms the rose in solemn joy.

He dared to fail, he dared to die,
To brave neglect, which to the brave
Comes e'en in death and mocks the grave.
The nostril fierce and piercing eye
Forgotten are when cold they lie.

But what are death and human woes?
They are the soul's intenser joy!
And what is love of child and wife
But that intenser love, that life
That knows no death! Still blooms the rose.

Dec. 31, 1904.

MY MOTHER.

An amber Adirondack river flows
Down through the hills to blue Ontario;
Along its banks the stanch rock-maple grows,
And fields of wheat beneath the drifted snow.
The summer sun, as if to quench his flame,
Dips in the lake, and sinking disappears.
Such is the land from which my mother came
To college, questioning the future years;
And through the Northern winter's bitter gloom,
Gilding the pane, her lamp of knowledge burned.
The bride of Science she; and he the groom
She wed; and they together loved and learned.
And like Orion, hunting down the stars,
He found and gave to her the moons of Mars.

1908.

TOGO'S GUNS.

I heard the rattle of chains
 Rise like a knell
Over Siberia's frozen plains
 Where Russian patriots dwell.

Is there no appeal for the chivalrous ones
 Who toil and starve and freeze?
Hark to the thunder of Togo's guns
 As they echo over the seas!

I heard the sons of Freedom mourn
 By the Baltic shore,
For Finland's flag was trampled and torn.
 Her glory is no more.

Is there no appeal for the men of steel
 Who built their homes on that wild shore?
With eagle-scream fly Togo's shells,
 Like lions his cannon roar!

I heard a cry from out of the dust —
 Armenians they,
Pursued by fire and sword and lust,
 A murderous Sultan's prey.

Is there no appeal for the helpless ones?
 They kneel to the Czar; he scorns the slaves.
Hark to the thunder of Togo's guns
 As they echo over the waves!

I heard the groans of murdered Jews
 In the land of the Czar —
Fanatical mobs may do as they choose
 In the cursed realm of the Czar.

Is there no appeal for the humble ones,
Of the self-same race as the Son of Man?
Hark to the thunder of Togo's guns!
With the wrath of heaven fights brave Japan.

Washed out in blood are an Empire's sins
Against Armenians, Jews and Finns;
Remember them, Oh Heaven, no more!
Stay the warrior's hand and stop the cruel
war.

But remember, oppressors and merciless men!
In the days that lie before,
When the storm of war shall rise again
To drown your prayers in the cannon's
roar.

June, 1905.

THE UNATTAINABLE.

More precious far is she than much fine gold,
And sweeter are her words than honey is;
Round her fair face a gracious charm untold;
Ye stars grow dim at her bright glance, I wis!

Quick is her step, and firm as mountain deer's;
Until she came the fields and flowers mourned;
I see each bending flower bedewed with tears
Now she is gone, as other maids were scorned.

Could this unworthy heart of mine — but no!
Yet, 'tis her woman's heart that makes me love
her so!

1892.

PAUL JONES.

The shining paths of the Irish Sea
Invited him forth to liberty,
 Scotland's shore
 His home no more,
His battle-ground the ocean floor.

The lion-hearted sea-king flew
A gallant flag o'er a gallant crew.
 Nor shot nor shell
 Nor flames of hell
Might sink the ship which felt the spell

Of his indomitable will —
The battered hulk began to fill,
 In the lurid night
 The ship burned bright,
But he stood to his guns and won the fight.

For the might of Britain's sons o'ercame
The might of Britain's king, her shame
 Her glory, due
 To that bold few
Who to their British faith were true.

His home, his kin, his very name
He left behind. He braved the shame
 Of a rebel keel,
 His heart of steel
A heart of flesh to bleed nor heal.

1905.

STAR-GAZING.

My sweetheart and I in summer weather
Thought we would study the stars together.
For the moon swings low of a summer night,
Flooding the world with a mellow light.

Oh, the wonder, the awe, and the mystery
That descend from heaven on those who see!
To feel the earth go spinning round!
To think of the heaven's vast abyss,
The unnumbered worlds as fair as this
That speed through space without a sound!
To watch the constellations sweep
From East to West through the vasty deep!

My father discovered the moons of Mars:
And what did I find out under the stars?
Ah, wise I grew, and still more wise;
For I studied the stars in my sweetheart's eyes!

1904.

A PETITION TO THE POWERS.

Ye Powers that be, ordained of God,
Or ordained of the Devil!
Who claim the earth, likewise the sea,
And in their riches revel,

If in your greed ye will not heed
But slight this our petition,
The souls of murdered men and babes
Shall hurl you to perdition.

Ye perjured, coward Powers that be!
Who sent the Turk to revel
For fifty years in human gore,
Ye angels of the Devil!

Harm not the Bulgar, Greek, nor Serb,
Nor Montenegrin farmer,
Whose fiery wrath to Asia drives
The butcher Turk. Their armor

The flaming truth of Heaven is,
To burn your lying treaties;
They wield the sword of Heaven's Lord,
Nor care they where your fleet is.

Ye ravenous, blood-thirsty Powers!
And will ye send your armies?
And will ye lend the Turk your gold
Nor question what the harm is?

Why, then, may Europe go to wreck,
Her armies food for slaughter;
And may her monarchs burn in hell,
Denied a drop of water.

Nov. 9, 1912.

A PASSIONATE LOVER TO HIS LOVE.

Oh Love, my Love, will you not love me true?
Will you not love me, Love, as I love you?

The dewy morning's breath, like incense sweet,
Pours through my window, with the song of birds.
My longing heart, with happiness replete,
Would tell its love, could I but frame the words.

Oh Love, my Love, will you not love me true?
Will you not love me, Love, as I love you?

The sun returning thaws my wintry heart;
And shall I find but winter in thine eyes?
Ah, no! Thy gentle voice says not, "Depart."
And thou art good and true and sweet and wise.

Oh Love, my Love, will you not love me true?
Will you not love me, Love, as I love you?

Ah, could I sing the passion sweet and strong
That fires my blood to mingle it with thine,
Immortal bards would hush to hear my song,
And learn a purer love and more divine.

Oh Love, my Love, will you not love me true?
Will you not love me, Love, as I love you?

1896.

TO THE UNKNOWN DEAD:

NATIONAL CEMETERY, ANNAPOLIS, MD.

On the outskirts of the town
Is a camp of Union dead:
And gloriously down
 Shine the stars overhead.

The starry flag by day:
Through the watches of the night,
Forever and for aye,
 God's own star-light.

Emblazoned on a stone,
In a shield of liberty,
Is many a name — its own
 Badge of chivalry.

And majestically sleep
Heroic dead unknown,
At each head a number, deep
 Carved upon a stone.

Unheralded they came,
To glory in the strife, —
Lion-hearted, eyes aflame,
 Prodigal of life.

Perhaps a regular,
True heart whose next of kin
Abominated war,
 Here has buried been.

Perhaps a gallant boy
Who broke his mother's heart,
That he should count it joy
 Dying thus apart.

Without honor or reward
Save the sense of duty done,
A servant of the Lord
 Fought his fight and won.

On the ivy-covered walls
That gird the camp around
The glow of sunset falls,
 Hallowing the ground.

Translucent as a flame
Shines the green-growing sod,
And the thrushes sing a name
 Well beloved of God.

1915.

TO A NORWEGIAN MAIDEN.

By Stalheim's leaping cataract I saw thee stand
And feast thine eyes upon its glory.
I kiss the faded blue-bell now within my hand
That blossomed there before thee.

Where shines the sun at night there is no need of
star,
Of beauty none if love pervade thee:
Thou art not beautiful as marble statues are,
But beautiful as God made thee.

I love thee for thy flaxen hair, thy Northern blood
That blossoms in thy cheeks like roses,
Thy clear blue eye, blue of the fathomless ocean
flood,
That thy true soul discloses.

Where shines the sun at night there is no need of
star,
Of beauty none if love pervade thee:
But thou art beautiful as Norway maidens are,
Art beautiful as God made thee.

Alas, Norwegian girl! I ne'er shall see thee more.
Thy native land I've left behind me, —
Glacier and cataract and deep-indented shore.
But in my dreams I'll find thee.

August, 1909.

A SONG OF FIGHTING MEN.

DEDICATED TO

DAVID HALL, JAMES ROYS,

NICHOLAS ELSWORTH,

ALL OF WALLINGFORD, CONN., WHO WERE KILLED

IN BATTLE AT LAKE GEORGE, SEPT. 8, 1755.

(See Wallingford Land Records, vol. 13, pp. 540 & 541.)

THE FJORDS OF NORWAY.

A raven flew o'er Trondhjem Fjord today
And croaked a welcome to our dragon ship,
Which, belching smoke, in the Nid at anchor lay,
But just arrived from Northern pleasure trip.
A raven flew o'er Harald Fairhaired's hold,
Worked in his banner by a woman's hand:
For her did blue-bell bloom, wild rose unfold;
He saw the pale green rocks along the strand.
Forevermore his ancient deeds of war
Are chanted by the waves along the shore.

Peaceful and calm are Norway's Fjords today,
Their limpid depths of green, their mountain walls;
The gleaming snow and glaciers, as of aye,
Dissolving feed the thundering water-falls.
The roseate hues of midnight skies aglow,
When earth and sea and air enchanted seem,
Reflected are by crags and fields of snow,
Till heaven descends to earth and earth's a dream.
But evermore the viking's deeds of war
Are chanted by the waves along the shore.

CHARLEMAGNE AND THE SAXONS.

The Weser, red from Verden to the sea,
Murmuring sang of godlike Saxons slain,
Children of Odin, martyrs of Saxony,
Their heads struck off by Christian Charlemagne.
Four thousand captives butchered in a day!
Then roared the sea for vengeance on the Frank,
Then rushed the sons of Odin to the fray,
And deeper, redder draughts the Weser drank.
And not in vain, though Christian Charlemagne
Baptized in Saxon blood the Saxon plain.

The unconquerable spirit of the North!
Scorning the craft of priest, the might of king!
By land or sea forever setting forth,
The powers that be forever challenging!
The Saxon would not bend to lying priest,
For that were worse than Adam's fabled fall;
He scorned the lies and fables of the East:
The great All-Father giveth life to all.
The Saxon died as Christ was crucified,
A human sacrifice to priestly pride.

Unconquerable spirit of the North,
Scorning the craft of priest, the might of King!
Thy land all ashes, bravely setting forth
In Norway didst thou fold thy raven's wing.
From Norway fell the vengeance on the Frank,
For Norway heard the moaning of the sea;
And Christian Charlemagne foresaw, and shrank
To hear the raven croak a prophecy:
"The sons of Thor shall launch their ships of war
"To carry fire and sword along thy shore."

THE COMING OF THE NORTHMEN.

A thousand years have sped,
With Thor and Odin dead,
Since the Northman like a storm-king issued from
his hold,
His battle-axe and sword
Thine icy morsels, Lord —
And who of all the nations could stand before Thy
cold?

Through the gateway of the Seine
To the realm of Charlemagne
Steered the grim sea-king Rollo with his band of
hardy men,
And the feeble line of Karl
Gave a dukedom to the jarl,
And saw him build his tower in the city of Rouen.

With a host of Norman knights
Duke William plead his rights
When he sailed across the Channel to possess the
British isle.
Eight hundred years or more
They have held the British shore,
And never shall the shadow go backward on the
dial!

THE NORTHMAN'S SWORD SHALL GUARD THE
NORTHMAN'S HOME.

From Britain's battle-fields her freedom sprang.
Simon de Montfort broadcast flung the seed;
And Hot-spur Percy's sword for freedom rang
As true as Percy's word at Runnymede.
And Evesham's wheatfields gleam with tossing
spears
Where once the serried ranks of yeomen stood;
And flaunting poppies shed their crystal tears
Where once the soil drank deep of English blood.
In desperate strife the spirit leaps to life:
Nor shall the lion take the lamb to wife.

When English captains met the fleet of Spain
Malignant Philip sent across the sea
Nor viking warrior nor sea-faring Dane
E'er fought a desperate fight more desperately.
Across the Channel, St. Bartholomew!
And human fruit the trees of Holland bore!
For church and king the Duke of Alva slew
Till, drunk with slaughter, he could slay no more.
As Charlemagne baptized the Saxon plain
So Christian Philip kept the faith in Spain.

The Northman's sword shall guard the North-
man's home,
Nor might of king nor craft of priest prevail;
Some great Adolphus aye shall conquer Rome
Who to the Northwind free shall spread his sail.
Along the shore the Armada's wrecks are strewn,
But ocean chants a welcome to the free:
Our English fathers sailed from church and throne
A thousand leagues across the surging sea.
Along the shore the waves of ocean roar,
Proclaiming liberty forevermore.

UTOPIAN DREAMS BY GLADES AND PEACEFUL STREAMS.

Our English fathers found a hostile shore.
Throughout the seas there are no happy isles;
And fighting men must gird themselves for war
By lonely lakes where sweet the lily smiles.
With scythe and sword they reap the yellow grain,
Their harvest song the red man's battle-cry;
And he who lives, to mourn the comrade slain,
Must trust in God and keep his powder dry.
Utopian dreams by glades and peaceful streams
Are rudely broken when the red man screams.

Across the sea came Frank and black-robed priest
To claim the wilderness for Pope and king,
To forge the red man lightnings of the East
And teach him Christian ways of murdering.
And many fell as brave as David Hall,
Who marched against the French from Walling-
ford.

The blood-red leaves of autumn were his pall,
A battle won his infinite reward.
And ancient trees still whisper to the breeze,
And Lake George murmurs still, of tragedies.

OUR REVOLUTIONARY SIRES.

In the earth were giants then,
The sons of fighting men,
Who had tasted once of freedom and desired to be
free.

The noble Washington
Like a lion led them on
Till they vanquished all the armies that were sent
across the sea.

In Wallabout Bay
British tyranny held sway,
Each rotting hulk at anchor a loathesome prison
pen:

Eleven thousand died!
And the murmur of the tide
Did but echo faint and fearfully the groans of
dying men.

But twice at Bemis Heights
Far flamed the Northern Lights
When like a raging demon Arnold swept the field.
Alas! when wounds are cold
We sell ourselves for gold
Who in the heat of battle had rather die than yield.

There lacked not men of mark,
Like Morgan, Prescott, Stark,
And the fiery young Virginian, Light-horse Harry
Lee;
But the armies of King George
Met defeat at Valley Forge.
The lion-hearted Washington was mightier than he.

THE STARS AND STRIPES.

Like Diomedes overcoming Mars,
In peace the first a lion fierce in war,
He gave to Freedom's sons his stripes and stars —
The home-spun flag of William Bachelor,
Who led the gallant charge of Howard's men,
Received a wound and fell but won the day.
Loud laughed the grim old Continentals when
The haughty Tarleton turned and ran away!
To Baltimore they sent brave Bachelor,
Who dying gave his son the flag he bore.

The splendor of the flag! Its glorious stars
Shine ever brighter, flame and multiply:
Its blood-red stripes are Freedom's battle scars,
As gay as Northern Lights against the sky.
No more the power of kings shall overawe,
No more Algerian pirates vex the main;
No more shall British sea-wolf, hungry maw
Filled with hot shot, his wolfish law maintain.
Old Ironsides still rules the surging tides,
With flying stars and stripes majestic rides.

GETTYSBURG.

Alas! that banner floated over slaves;
And scoffers cried, "The red is bondmen's blood."
And North and South the land is full of graves —
But o'er the graves the nodding laurels bud.
The field of Gettysburg, where Lincoln stood
To consecrate a nation's holy shrine,
Shall yield its harvests of perennial good
As long as rivers run or sun shall shine.
The land shall be henceforth forever free:
And who shall grudge the price of liberty?

Remember well that fateful summer morn
When Buford braved the advancing power of Lee!
And Reynolds fell. And slowly backward borne
Before the tide of Southern chivalry,
The Union host at sunset desperate stood.
But Hancock came, courageous, strong of will,
Defiance flung to Lee, and made it good.
Dismal the night on Cemetery Hill!
The grave shall close alike o'er friends and foes;
Triumphant over death the sun arose!

Louisiana Tigers charged in vain,
And at the cannon's mouth found death and glory;
Among the rocks of Round Top lay the slain,
Stark Alabamians and Texans gory;
Where Greene, the grim old lion, stood at bay,
The charging Southrons found a ring of flame;
And desperate Minnesotans saved the day
For reckless Sickles when disaster came.
The night brought doubt: it might have brought a
rout;
The council voted, "Stay and fight it out."

The third day dawned upon that stricken field,
Strewn round with wreckage, horses, slaughtered
men.

Against our right, impenetrable shield,
The gray host stormed, to stagger back again.
And now, more ominous than battle's din,
A silence fell, as though the reaper Death
Worn out with reaping paused, forgot to grin:
Then from the cannon's throat hot belched his
breath.

The fire pours against our embattled shores:
In seas of flame our answering thunder roars.

Around that sea of fire Jeb Stuart dashed,
With sabres bared to cut our lines asunder:
Against his columns Gregg and Custer crashed —
To lightning flash of steel the squadrons thunder.
Meanwhile in front the cannonading ceased,
And lo! an avalanche of veteran legions!
Then roared our cannon, North and South and
East,
And Pickett marched across the infernal regions.
And at their head the gallant Armistead,
Who fell where Cushing fell, thrice-wounded, dead.

ETERNAL WARFARE.

A thousand years have sped,
With Thor and Odin dead,
Since the Northman like a storm-king issued from
his hold,
His battle-axe and sword
Thine icy morsels, Lord —
And who of all the nations could stand before Thy
cold?

Across the seven seas
To the far antipodes
The sea-king's ships go sailing to the kingdoms
they have won,
Till the near approaching day
Of the universal sway
Of Norway's viking warrior, when the viking's
work is done.

But although the fighting cease
In the summer-time of peace,
And Mammon with his hammer masquerade as
Thor,
Yet the time shall come again
For the work of fighting men:
The eternal God and Mammon are eternally at
war.

July, 1914.

SONGS OF PEACE
===== AND =====
PIECES OF SONG

CLASS SONG, HARVARD COLLEGE, 1891.

With courage stout has Ninety-one
Upheld Fair Harvard's ancient fame;
Through toiling paths our course has run,
That sturdy courage still the same.
Year after year defeat ne'er quelled
The ringing cheer of Ninety-one,
Till champion Yale has been compelled
To call Fair Harvard champion.

So shall the Pilgrim courage still,
That courage born of stubborn strife,
Though clouds be dark and winter chill,
Forever fill our future life.
Like hardy pines, though snow may fall,
Beneath the White we'll show the Green,
And to the end strive one and all
To crown our Alma Mater queen.

For these old halls our hearts shall yearn
As for his home a loyal son,
And yet again as we return
These walls shall echo "Ninety-one!"
Now as we part we'll swell our song,
The race of life is but begun:
Our mates and loved ones hither throng
To bid Godspeed to Ninety-one.

JUNE.

Now for a rhyme
Of the summer time,
The Spring has taken flight,
The sun climbs high
In the Southern sky,
The moon swings low at night;

The time of flowers,
Of summer showers,
Of swiftly gliding days;
In Lincoln green
Each tree is seen,
Deep shadows cool the ways;

Rosebushes bloom;
The sweet perfume
Of honeysuckle fills
The pleasant air;
And everywhere
The song-bird gaily trills.

There, smooth between
Rich banks of green,
The lordly river flows,
And pictures clear
The forest near,
The smiling heaven shows.

Down from the hills
The laughing rills
Dance over logs and stones.
So bright is June,
So gay a tune
She sings in joyous tones.

Washington, 1893.

THE STATUE OF COLUMBUS.

WASHINGTON ST., BOSTON.

There he stands with radiant face,
Triumphant in the market place.
Head uplifted in the sun,
At his feet the world he won.

Brazen statue — stancher still
Was the man of iron will,
Purged and moulded by the fires
Of a burning soul's desires.

1895.

TO A BOTTLE LABELLED "SCUPPERNONG."

Though cold and dead,
Thy spirit fled
That seemed almost divine,
Thy lips distil
A fragrance, fill
The nostril still with wine.

Ah, amber juice!
Like those profuse
And amber locks of Hebe,
Whose odors charm,
Bewitch, yet harm
Not, ravish, and make sleepy.

The wide world o'er
There is no shore
That grows a grape so precious,
So rich, so sweet,
So full of meat
Adrip with juice so luscious.

Champagne to toast
The Norway coast
And red waves in commotion!
And red Rhine wine
Is like sunshine
Upon the polar ocean.

A toast to thee
In Malvoisie,
Mt. Blanc thou monarch of mountains!
Where the Alpine glow
Lights up the snow,
Where burst the glacier fountains.

But go no more
To foreign shore,
For here's a wine diviner.
Imperial Jove
No more would rove
Once come to Carolina.

I sing a song
Of Scuppernong,
Of Hebe's perfumed tresses!
At home content
Her ravishment
I choose and her caresses.

1912

☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆

MIDNIGHT AT ALBANY.

A blazing planet kept the watch
In the lonely midnight sky
As up the river for Cathay
The phantom ships sailed by.

1891

TO THE HERMIT THRUSH.

ADIRONDACK MOUNTAINS.

Songster sweet, inhabiting
 The lonesome, listening wood,
Joys of the forest thou dost sing
 As poet never could.

Silvery clear and pure as gold
 And honey-sweet thy lay
Echoes the tale of the forest old
 At the golden close of day —

Laughter of tinkling waterfall,
 And dripping of morning mists,
Whispering of pine trees — yes, and all
 The secrets of lovers' trysts.

Bird of the wild woods, they impart
 Their spirit unto thee —
Then pour the music of thy heart
 Into thy melody.

1892 — 1896

TO EDGAR ALLAN POE.

A poet born, commissioned from above,
Of noble brow, clear eyes, and veins of fire!
The womb that bore thee bore the fruit of love;
Thy palpitating heart strings were thy lyre.

In joy thy youth was spent; then toil and shame
And sorrow tried thy sensitive, proud soul,
While clearer still burnt her immortal flame,
And sweeter still did she her paeans roll.

What though thy fellows understood thee not,
And laid thine ashes carelessly away;
Thy name hath power to consecrate the spot
Where thy frail form long since has turned to clay.

More genial bend the genial Southern skies
O'er Baltimore, where Poe the poet lies.

July 21, 1906

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